

THE
CASE

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Between the

MANAGERS

OF THE

Floralwood (C.)

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TWO THEATRES,

AND THEIR

PRINCIPAL ACTORS,

Fairly Stated, and Submitted to the
Town.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane.

M DCC XIII.

I,

[Price Six Pence.]

THE
C A S E
Between the
M A N A G E R S
OF THE
T W O T H E A T R E S
AND THEIR
P R I N C I P A L A C T O R S,
Fairly Stated, and Submitted to the
Town.

AS the Genius and Taste of a People
are by nothing more discernable
than by their publick Diversions;
so, in proportion to the Decay or Revival
of Politeness in the latter, they may be
A 2 said

said to be in a waining or brightning Condition in all other respects.

That *England*, 'till very lately, had been degenerating in this particular, so far as at length to become a mere Milch-Cow to the Outcasts of every foreign Nation, cannot be denied. How many Years had her Sons lain enveloped in universal Darknes, and drawn all their Diversions from the Chaos of *Pantomime*, Sing-song, and Farce.

A Machine, in the Form of a Serpent, wrigled across the Stage, or a Man, by a few Inches taller than usual, standing still upon it, would call crowded Audiences for fifty Nights successively, to the high Emolument and Delight of Messieurs *Lun* and *F——d*.

This Species of Entertainment, the very Antipodes to Nature and all Common-sense, having reigned absolute for a course of twenty Years, there arose at once, in a manner almost miraculous, a universal Insurrection against it, headed by several refined and daring Spirits, both Male and Female.

Shakespear, *Congreve*, *Dryden*, and *Otway* were unanimously recalled from their long Banishment, and received with the highest Congratulations in their respective Posts, whilst *Harlequin* and his motley Crew were ingloriously dismissed. In a word,

word, without Metaphor, the whole Town grew fond of good Plays, and the *Pantomimes*, Dancers, and foreign Songsters that had so long flourished, were disrelished, exploded, and even not suffer'd as an Appendage to those Plays.

This happy Revolution was brought about in the Year Forty-two. What greatly contributed towards this, was the Appearance of a young Gentleman on the Stage, who manifested at the very first such Talents for the Theatre, as astonished every one that heard him performing the most difficult Parts in the Tragedies of *Shakespear* and in other Writers, both of the Comic and Tragic Kind, to as high a Perfection as could be imagin'd. This, with the Return of two other excellent Actors from *Dublin*, drew Box, Pit and Gallery to hear Good-sense sensibly spoken again; and thus hearing, to approve and applaud it. Buffoonry and its Adherents were now thought to be in a state of absolute Reprobation, and the Reign of *Dulness* seem'd at an end in all respects; for as *British* Good-sense revived, and soar'd her natural Heights in the Winter, *British* Valour shook off her Shackles, and did the same in the Summer.

During this Interval of publick Diversions, *Dulness* makes an Effort towards her Restoration; and closetting her two
great

great Champions, F—— and R—— of
Drury-Lane and *Covent-Garden*, she thus
 bespake them.

“ Ye, my loyal Subjects and redoubted
 “ Leaders, who have fought my Battles
 “ with invincible Prowess, whilst Victory
 “ waited on all your Atchievements; I do
 “ not, cannot blame you for the Ad-
 “ vantages my Enemy gained over me the
 “ last Campaign. The new Recruits,
 “ which Common-sense had gathered to-
 “ gether, broke in by Surprize upon your
 “ Lines, disorder’d your whole Corps,
 “ put your Infantry to flight, and kept
 “ the Field of Battle. — This there-
 “ fore being all Accident, and quite con-
 “ trary, as I am fully convinc’d, to your
 “ utmost Wishes and Endeavours, which
 “ were always employ’d for our Glory
 “ and Exaltation, we have nothing more
 “ to impart to you concerning it, than
 “ our cordial and affectionate Request that
 “ you will not lose the space of a single
 “ Moment in retrieving this our deplo-
 “ rable Misfortune; and though you have
 “ not in some Particulars the greatest
 “ Amity for each other, yet now the
 “ common Cause is at stake, unite, unite;
 “ be, and continue to be the *Par nobile*
 “ *Fratrum* of *Dulness* and her Associates,
 “ and, like your great Predecessors the
 “ two

“ two Kings of *Brentford*, league hand
 “ in hand for the Support of our Em-
 “ pire.”

The Goddeſs ended, when the two Champions thrice made their low Obeiſance, and vowed eternal Fidelity to her; the one ſnuffling it forth from Noſtrils cramm'd with Snuff, and the other with a Grin and a ready Promise, which he never kept to any one but to *Dulneſs* herſelf, affirming the Sincerity and Integrity of his Heart.

No ſooner had theſe worthy Leaders quitted the Preſence of their Sovereign, but they began to lay their great Heads together, and to meditate once more the Overthrow of Good-taſte and Commonſenſe.

The *Covent-Garden* Monarch, after a copious Pinch and ſnapping his Fingers, thus opened the Dialogue between them.

C. G. G — d — n it, Brother, what can we do ?

D. L. Rot me! if I can tell, Brother.

C. G. Commonſenſe made ſuch a curſed Puſh laſt Winter, that I tremble for our Sovereign, another ſuch a Season would be her entire Demolition; a Pox on me, for being ſuch a Puppy as ever to ſuffer her entering my Doors! Who the Devil ever ſuſpected ſeeing her there? Plague
 take

take that great bellowing Brute, and that whining Gypsy that stole her in upon my Stage!

D. L. And that little pert Dog, who bore her aloft with such Triumph all the Year upon mine! — I'll tell you what, Brother; when I found such crowded Houses upon this occasion every Night, though the Profits arising from them belonged to myself, yet it went against the Grain with me to see it: Nay, 'twas with great difficulty I prevailed on myself to take such ill-gotten Money; however I did this Justice to our Goddess, that I suffer'd few of those who got it to tinger one half of their Salaries out of it.

C. G. Ha, ha, ha! Faith, that was justly and honourably done. — But Gad's curse! that blustering Bully I was hamper'd with, demanded his Pay with a G—d — ye, every Week; as to the rest, except his Darling *Biddy*, I dealt by them in my usual way, that is, I dealt them — nothing at all.

D. L. Ha, ha, ha! good, good! that was my way, faith — not a *Sous*, by the Heavens! down to the Scene-men and Candle-snuffers. — But, Brother, though, as I was saying before, I had some Reluctance in taking the Money, as it was ill-gotten by those People; yet, *quatenus* Money, it was very necessary to my Affairs,

fairs, and I believe always will: And therefore, though I highly honour and adore our most transcendent and immortal Goddess, I must notwithstanding have some regard for my own Dignity and the superior Character I bear in Life.

C. G. D—n Character, and Dignity, and Appearance: Han't I appeared for forty Years together in the various Forms of an Ape, a Jackanapes, a Bull, an Ass, an old Woman, or a Hound?——D'ye think I have any regard for what People say of me? If I can chuckle them out of their Money, that's all the Appearance I care for.

D. L. Nay, as for Appearance, I am as little guilty of it as any body; I therefore did not meddle with the Word Appearance, Sir. —— But I say, Sir, that I must have Money; and if I should go and turn out these People at once, and the Town should continue in the cursed Humour they were last Winter, I shall have no means left of raising it.

C. G. [*Aside.*] Faith, that's true enough, and all I want.

D. L. You, Brother, have both the *Regalia* and *Paraphernalia* of *Dulness* ready at hand; and can furnish her out with an Attire and Retinue suitable to her Royalty. As for my part, though I am a natural Ally to her, and from my Cradle

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have

have always consulted her Interest, yet I have unfortunately blundered in every Expedition I have attempted in her Service, and never took but a single Prize, which was gained me by the Figure of the illustrious *Cajanus*.

C. G. [*Aside.*] There I hope to nick you, 'Squire—— Well, but Brother, we need not go to Extremities neither—— as you may remember there were last Season Exceptions taken, or at least pretended to be taken, against our continually Playing at raised Prices; upon some Disturbance made in the Theatres on this Account, the Objectors were answer'd in our Names, that the Greatness of the Expences we were at in having Foreign Dancers, &c. with whose Performances they seem'd pleas'd, obliged us to raise the Prices. Now, my dear Brother, and Fellow-Champion in the Regions of *Dulness*, let us instantly make a Handle of this Incident, and, under Pretence of obliging the Town by Playing at common Prices, not drive *Pantomimes*, Farce and Shew from the Stage; but these Supporters of Common-sense, to whom we pay, or at least engage to pay, very considerable Salaries——

D. L. Why, ay, yes——but how to get Audiences without 'em, that sticks in my Maw confoundedly——I must have Audiences at all Events——and they'll get

to some other House and rob me of 'em all.

C. G. Well, but, Brother *Drury*, we can manage that matter — Suppose you and I make a Cartel; for instance, agree for every other Theatre, and oblige ourselves by this Cartel to reduce by near one half the Salaries of our principal Performers — I'gad, we may cramp 'em rarely this way — they must serve us at any rate we tax their Merit at, for they'll then have no where else to go to —

D. L. D — n me, if that is not divinely thought — my dear Friend, give me a Kiss — But suppose they refuse to comply with our Proposals.

C. G. [*Aside.*] As Snuff take me, I hope they will.

D. L. What shall we say to the Town?

C. G. Pox, say! nothing at all — They'll be contented with what we can give them, when they can get no better; and if they won't be satisfied with Rope-dancing and Tumbling, let them fast till they can — We must tell 'em that we were such Losers by these voracious Players, that we could hold it no longer, and, and —

D. L. Why, ay, ay, if I could well make that out I should be glad — but the Devil on't is, a hundred People have heard me swear, that I cleared no less

than Three Thousand Pounds the very last Season.

C. G. Um—no matter for that—it is only swearing again, that you were a Thousand out of Pocket; and your Oath one way, will be taken as soon as the other.

D. L. Why, faith, I believe so—but these People will be apt to publish their Case, and I abhor Cases.

C. G. No, no—they'll be oblig'd to troop off to *Ireland*, and leave *Great-Britain* entirely under Subjection to our Patron Goddess—They may have the hungry Fame indeed of being register'd in the next Edition of 'Squire *Alexander's Dunciad*, with our Adversary, Mr. *Handel*, upon that Account—and much Good may do them with it.

D. L. Right, true, ay, right! agreed i'faith—agreed by all that's crafty and acute—I'gad, I shall rejoice at this fetch immoderately, for I would gladly lose a Thousand Pound myself, so I could bubble them out of a Hundred by it.

C. G. [*Aside.*] 'Tis that Principle I have to build upon—Ay, to be sure; thus we may reduce, and reduce, and reduce 'em every Year, 'till we bring the Rebels to Bread and Water; and at the same time, by this Means preventing any of them going from one House to another, make
it

it impossible for the Stage to have ever a complete *Common-sense* Company again; and at the worst, leave *Dulness* always a Share in the Management of our Theatres.

D. L. But, Brother, I shall be worse off in this Case than you—you only lose your *Bully* and his *Biddy*, as you call them; but all of my Flock that can get me any Thing, will desert me at once.

C. G. Psha, psha! why, you shall have half of mine, if you will—For my part I have a fresh Cargo of Tumblers and Morris-dancers coming over, and Mr. a—a—has been furbishing up a vast Heap of old Scenes, which I intend to exhibit as new Ones next Season, and the foolish Town will come and gape at them as usual.

D. L. That's playing the Bookseller upon them, who, when a Book has sold as many as it will by one Title, clap a new one upon it to draw in fresh Buyers.

C. G. Ha, ha, ha! so 'tis I'gad!

D. L. But I tell you, Brother, that I have no Tumblers, nor Morris-dancers, nor Scenes ready furbished.

C. G. Send circular Letters to the several strolling Companies, and cull from them what you can.

D. L.

D. L. Why, faith, that's the only Resort I have.

C. G. Be sure take care of making a tolerable Figure in the House at opening, tho'.

D. L. Never fear that, Brother; I have a great many Friends that will be so good as to distribute Orders for me.

C. G. [*Aside.*] I believe that's the utmost Friendship any body will do for you.

D. L. So I'll be sure of full Pit and Galleries, with clapping in abundance.

C. G. That will do,—And now let us incontinently draw up and sign this Cartel.

D. L. With all my soul.—O! how immoderately shall I laugh in my Sleeve, to think how we have stung these insolent Animals? What! because the Town followed them and cry'd them up, they thought, forsooth, that they might do as they would; but we'll let them see that the Town shall not be Judges of our Affairs.

C. G. Let the Town take them, procure a Licence, and build a new House for 'em, if they please, we shall take care to shut them out of any already built.—O, as soon as we have signed the Cartel P^l to P^r, and secure that in the Hay-market.

D. L. Do, do—I would go with you, but, but—

C. G.

C. G. You are detained by the Gout, you mean.

D. L. Ay, ay, ay — The Gout, the Gout ! But, Brother, there is one Particular more, that we must take singular care of, and that is to abuse, caluminate, defame, and bespatter these People; and to lye heroically for the Benefit of our Sovereign — For my part, I am, as you say, confin'd by an ugly kind of Distemper, that I can't go about and do it in person, but I have Liars as well as Bail always ready at hand.

C. G. As to me, I'll lye for myself; I think I have a pretty tolerable Talent that way; there are not many, Brother, that I would lower the Flag to in that respect.

D. L. Brother, I know it — but, but, you are a little unfortunate sometimes — you are apt to —

C. G. To what, Sir? to what!

D. L. Why, to let one Lye, Sir, come slap upon the back of another, and contradict it as flat as a Flounder, I'gad — You are very apt to do that indeed, Brother — very apt, upon my Honour.

C. G. Upon my Veracity, Brother, there is no one in *England* lies with more Consistency than myself.

D. L. Well, well, Brother, we'll not think of what's past — but that I have often
heard

heard you affirm one thing one hour, and the very next hour swear quite the reverse; that is certain, very certain, Brother.

C. G. S'death, Sir, d'ye give me the Lye?

D. L. No, Brother, no, I only say that you give yourself the Lye.

C. G. Sir, you are a Scoundrel, Sir.

D. L. If you come to that, pray, what are you, Sir?

C. G. A Man of Honour, Sir—one that scorns to take the Lye, even from himself, Sir—And so, Sir, I demand instant Satisfaction.

D. L. Why, take it of yourself then, if you must have it—draw your Sword, and run yourself through the Gizzard, an you will—what is it to me?

C. G. Rot you, Sir, draw this Moment.

D. L. And then you'll withdraw, hey—

C. G. I'll make you know, Sir, that I am a Man of as much Honour as yourself, Sir.

D. L. Why, faith, Brother, we have both of us occasion for a good deal, since 'tis the only thing we pay our Debts with.

C. G. My Honour, Sir, is never mortgaged, but for a handsom Sum—I don't pawn it with my Supernumeraries, Scene-Shifters, and Dressers—for shame, for shame, Sir, go and pay those poor Wretches

Wretches their trifling Wages of seven Shillings a Week, for want of which, Themselves and Families are starving — I'll lend you (give you, I mean, for it would be the same thing) the Money to pay off those lousy Scores.

D. L. Sir, you are a lousy Scoundrel, Sir — Yes, Sir, Scoundrel in your Teeth, Sir, to insult a Gentleman of Family and Fashion, and Figure, and Reputation, and all that, Sir, in so gross a manner — And therefore now do you draw, Sir.

C. G. O! Sir, you can throw away your Crutches then, I perceive — You can find your Legs now, can ye?

D. L. Fiends and Furies! Draw, Sir, draw.

C. G. Yes, I will, Sir; I will, Sir — [Aside.] I thought he could not have stood on his Legs.

D. L. Will, Sir! but when, Sir? when, Sir?

C. G. Brother, Brother, this is mighty foolish of us to quarrel amongst ourselves. We don't consider what advantage it gives the common Enemy over us — Come, you shall be *Cassius*, and I *Brutus*, Brother; and so kiss, and be Friends.

D. L. Agreed — Come to my Arms, my second self, and let me stifle thee in my Embraces.

C

C. G.

C. G. That Hug is cordial — and now to the Business then.

D. L. With all my heart — only once more I must beseech of you, Brother, to regulate your manner of Lying a little — 'Tis of great Consequence, in this material Affair, to string your Lies well together.

C. G. Hem! hem! this is cursed Snuff — very execrable Snuff, truly.

D. L. Well, well, Brother, I find this Topick fits but squeamish upon you, so no more on't — As for my Emissaries, I shall give them their proper Cues, and station them about in Coffee-houses and other Places of Resort through the different Quarters of the Town.

C. G. Let common Prices be the Cry — let them trumpet that without ceasing.

D. L. Fear not — common Prices sounds well —

C. G. And now let us adjourn to the *Bedford-Head* and settle the Writings between us.

D. L. As for adjourning, Brother, some little Inconvenience might attend it possibly, and so let it be done in the *Green-Room* here.

C. G. Come on then, come on, my Boy —

D. L.

D. L. Come on, my little Lad! Huzza! down with *Shakespeare* — no *Shakespeare*, Huzza!

C. G. Huzza! Harlequin for ever — Harlequin for ever, Huzza!

[*Exeunt Arm in Arm.*]

Thus concluded the Conversation between our Theatrical Worthies, and the Schemes therein formed, have been since put into Execution; such then is the Prospect we have with regard to our Theatrical Amusements the ensuing Season, and a blessed one it is. By the Contrivance of these excellent Managers, every good Actor and Actress in *England*, are entirely shut out of the Theatres, and the Town by that means debarred of the most rational as well as entertaining Amusement they have, and that at a Crisis too, when, from the Excellency of several of the Players, they were particularly fond of indulging in it.

The principal Pretences for this tyrannical Proceeding of these Mock-monarchs, are thrown into the above Dialogue; but what Validity there is in them I leave the Reader to judge — If either of these Chiefs thinks that one or more of his Performers demands a Salary beyond his Merit, or what is worth his while to

give, is not he at the liberty not to employ such a one any longer? and then, should not the Player have liberty at the same time to try another Market? When there are but two Theatres allowed of, shall the Masters of those two Houses league together, and oblige the Actors either to take what Salary or Treatment they graciously vouchsafe to offer them, and to be parcelled out and confined to this House or t'other, just as they in their Wisdoms think meet; or else to be banished the Kingdom for a Livelihood?

This is Tyranny with a Vengeance — but perhaps these generous noble-spirited Masters may intend their Performers a Compliment in it, and by thus fixing them to one Place, effectually wipe off that odious Appellation of Vagabonds, which has been sometimes given them.

In the next place, as to their Plea about *raised or common Prices*, the Fallacy of that stares every one in the Face. When *Booth, Wilks, Cibber, Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Porter, &c.* were on the Stage; notwithstanding the Greatness of their respective Salaries, they never offered to raise the Prices, except to new Plays that were new-dressed. When *Pantomimes* indeed obtained, and such vast Sums of Money were expended in decorating them, then,

then, as the Town would have them, it was right they should pay for them, and accordingly the Prices were upon that account raised.

The Managers tasting the Sweets of this, were resolved to maintain it as long as possible, in order to which they never performed without tagging one of these Gewgaws to their Plays. Raised Prices, thus, became in a manner established.

This Harlequin Taste was at length worn out, and People returned to their Senses and good Plays; and instead of desiring the Masters to prepare any more of these costly Raree-shews, they were desirous of excusing them from being at the Expence even of foreign Dancers, which was now likewise become enormous.

Upon this vast Reduction of their Charges, how justly might the Town complain of their still keeping up to their raised Prices?

In answer to this, they say, that notwithstanding their Charge is lessened by these Means; yet that they are obliged to pay such vast Salaries to some of their principal Actors, that they must be out of Pocket if they play at the common Rates—Here a little Proof seems to be wanting. One of the Managers, as we have

have made him own in the Dialogue, has declared several times that his Profits last Season amounted to Three Thousand Pounds. A comfortable Income truly! and such a one as might have induced him to enlarge, rather than lop off from their Pay who got it for him; at least enabled him to have paid their Salaries regularly, and not suffered him to have starved even *Bays's* Recruits.

As to the *Covenant-Garden* Hero, I don't so much wonder at his Conduct in this Affair. He has thrown off indeed two excellent Performers by it, but then Plays were never his Province. Harlequinading was always his Business, both Speculative and Practical — If a good new Play was offer'd him, his immediate Answer was, *It won't do*; or the Revival of a good old One proposed, *It was throwing away Time*. He therefore intending to bring again his old Friends *Harlequin* and *Pierrot* upon the Stage, and depending very little upon Plays, justly concluded, if he could throw Dust in the Eyes of his Brother *Drury*, and chouse him into an Agreement to drive the good Actors from his House, which was his sole Dependence; that then he would have both better Performers than the other, and his Farce and Shew over and above; and by that

that Means might monopolize the Town
 to himself. Poor *Drury* is thus made
 a fine Chuckle of, and the facetious
 Mr. *Lun* has served him as he does *Hipefly*
 in one of the Farces — given him a Stroke
 on the Shoulders with his Harlequin-sword,
 made him turn about to him, and then
 with a Grin flap'd the Door in his Face.

F I N I S.

The first of these is the fact that the
 Government has been unable to secure
 the necessary funds to carry out its
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